My dere chylde fyrste thy selfe enable
With al thyn herte to vertuo⁹ disciplyne
Afore thy souerayne stōdynge at ẏ table
Dyspose thy youth after doctryne
To all norture thy courage enclyne
Fyrste whyle thou spekest be not rycheles
Kepe fote and fynger styll in pease

By symple of chere caste not thy loke a syde
Gase not about tornynge ouer all
Agayne the post lete not thy backe abyde,
Make not thy myrrour also of the wall
Pyke not thy nose and inespecyall,
Be ryght well ware and sette in thy thought
A fore thy souerayne cratche ne rubbe nought

Who that speketh to the in ony maner place
Lumpysshely cast not thy heed adoune
But with sadde chere loke hym in the face
Walke demurely by stretes in the towne
And aduertyse the by wysdome and reason
With desolute laughters thou do none offence
Tofore thy souerayne whyle he is in presence

Pare clene thy nayles/thy handes wasshe also
Tofore mete and whan thou doost aryse
Sytte in the place that thou arte assygned to
Prees not to hye in no maner wyse
And tyll thou se afore the seruyce
Be not to hasty on breed for to byte
Of gredenes leest men the wyll atwyte

Grenynge and mowynge at the table eschewe
Crye not to lowde kepe honestly scylence

13 – 14

Tenbose thy Jowes with mete it is not dewe
With full mouth speke not leest thou do offence
Drynke not brydled for haste ne for neclygence
Kepe clene thy lyppes fro fatte of flesshe or fysshe
Wype fayrethy spone leue it not in the dysshe

Of thy brede no soppes that thou make
Loude for to soupe it is ayenst gentylnesse
With mouthe enbrowed thy cuppe thou not take
In ale and wyne with hande leue no facnes
Foule not thy napery for no rechelesnesse
Neyther at mete beware begynne no stryfe
Thy teeth also pyke not with thy knyfe

And where so be thou dyne or suppe
Of gentylnes take salte with thy knyfe
And bware thou blowe not in thy cuppe
Reuerence thy felowes begyn with them no stryfe
To thy power kepe pease all thy lyfe
Intterrupte not where so that thou wende
No mannes tale tyll he haue made an ende

With thy fynger marke not thy tale
Be well auysed namely in tender age
To drynke by mesure bothe wyne and ale
Be not copyous also of langage
As tyme requyreth shewe so to thy vysage
To gladde ne sory but kepe bytwene twayne
For losse or lucre or ony caas sodayne

Be meke in mesure not hasty but tretable
Ouer moche is not worthe nothynge
To chyldren longeth not be vengeable
Soone meued and soone forgyuen

And as it is remembred by olde wrytynge
Wrathe of chyldren is soone ouergone
With an apple parted be made at one

Of honest myrthe lete be thy dalyaunce
Swere none othes speke no rybawdrye
The best mosell haue this in remembraunce
Hole to thy selfe alway do not applye
Parte with thy felawe for that is curteysye
Lade not thy trenchoure with many remyllayles
And fro blackenesse alway kepe thy nayles

Of curteysye also ayenst the lawe
With sowne dyshoneste for to do offence
Of olde surfettes at wyte not thy felawe
Towarde thy soueraygne haue alway aduertence
Playe not with thy knyfe take hede to my sentence
At mete and souper kepe the styll and softe
Eke to and fro meue not thy fete to ofte

Droppe not on thy breste with sawce ne potage
Bryngne no knyues vnscoured to the table
Fyll not thy spone leest in the carryage
It go beyde whiche were not commendable
Be quycke and redy meke and seruysable
Well awaytynge to fulfyll anone
What thy soueraygne commaundeth the to done

In chyldes warre now warre and now debate
In theyr quarell is no grete vyolence
Now playe now weppynge selde in one estate
To theyr playntes gyue no grete audyence
A rodde refourmeth all theyr insolence
In theyr courage no rancoure dooth abyde

Who spareth the rodde all vertue is sette a syde
Go lytell byll barayne of eloquence
Praye the yonge chyldren that ẏ shall here or rede
Though thou be not compendeous of sentence
Of the clauses for to take hede
Whiche to all vertue shall the youthe lede
Of the wrytynge thoughe there be no date
Yf ought be amysse put the faute in lydgate

¶ Explicit.

¶ Aryse erly
Serue god deuoutly
The worlde besely
Go thy way sadly
Answere demurely
Go to thy mete appetetly
Aryse temperately
To thy souper soberly
To thy bed merely
And be there Jocondly
And slepe surely

¶ The salue regina in Englysshe

Salue) with all obeyssaũce to god in hũbles
Regina) o reygne euer more in blysse
Mater) to cryste as we byleue expresse
Misericordie) vnto all wretchesse
vita) to quycken to helpe all and lesse
Dulcedo) of moost pleasaunt beaute
And we to say thy dowayr is
And therfore we synge (Et spes nostra salue
Ad te) moost meke and moost benygne vyrgyne
Clamamus) lowde with voyce tymerous
Exules) made by falfe fraude serpentyne
Filii) frayll carefull and dolorous
Eue therfore our lyfe laborous
¶ Ad te) best mene to our lorde god and man
Suspiramus) here in the se troublous

Gementes) as sorowfully as we can
Et flentes) ofte with teeres smerte
In hac) dolefull paynfull and lamentable
Lacrymarum) woundynge the mortall herte
Valle) restles greuous and chaungeable
¶ Eya ergo) mayden moost amyable
Aduocata nostra) our medyatryce
Illos tuos) bryghtest and confortable
Mysericordes oculos) full of Joye of paradyce
Ad nos) fletynge in this se of tourment
Conuerte) now of souerayne pyte
¶ Et Jhesum) our lorde prynce omnypotent
Benedictum) full of moost hye bounte
Fructum) of lyfe and ryche benygnyte
Ventris tui) moost ewrous creature
Nobis post hoc exilium ostende
To our eterne gretest Joye and pleasure
O clemens) full mercyfull rychesse
O pia) full of ryche compassyon
O dulcis full of helpe in eche dystresse
Virgo) fayrest way to saluacyon
Maria) floure of swetest medytacyon
¶ Salue) with all oure moost lowely seruyce
Mater) of lyfe and eterne creacyon
Salue euer as fayre as we can suffyce

¶ Who so of welthe taketh no hede
He shall fynde fawte in tyme of nede
This worlde is mutable thus sayth sage
Therfore gader in tyme or thou shall fall in age
In welthe beware of wo what so the happes
And bere the euen for drede of after clappes
Fortune is varyaunt aye tournynge her whele

He is wyse that is ware or he harme fele
Better it is to suffre and fortune to abyde
Than hastely to clymbe and sodeynly to slyde
Knowe or thou knytte and than thou mayst slake
Yf thou knytte or thou knowe than it is to late

Here begynneth Lytell Johan.

Lytell Johan syth youre tender enfancye
Stondeth as yet vnder indyffrence
To vyce or vertue to meuen or applye
And in suche age there is no prouydence
Ne comprily no sage Intellygence
But as waxe receyueth prynte or fygure
So chyldren ben dyspoled of nature

Vyce or vertue to folowe and enprise
In mynde and therfore to flyre and remeue
Vou frome vyce and to vertue adresse
That one to folowe and that other to eschewe
I haue deuysed you this lytell newe
Instruccyon accordynge vnto youre age
Playne in sentence but playner in language

Take hede therfore and herken what I saye
And gyue therto youre good aduertence
Lete not youre ere be here and youre herte awaye
But put ye therto besy delygence
Lyenge aparte all wanton Insolence
Lerne to be vertuous and well thewde
Who wyll not lerne nedey he must be lewed

Afore all thynge and pryncypally
In the mornynge whan ye vp ryse
To worshyp god haue in memorye
With crystes crosse loke ye blysse you thryse
youre pater noster saye in deuoute wyse
Aue maria with the holy crede
Thenne all the daye the better shall ye spede

And whyle that ye be about honestly
To dresse youre selfe and do on youre araye
With youre felawe well and tretably
Oure lady matyns loke that ye saye
And this obseruaunce vse ye euery day
With pryme and houres withouten drede
Our blyssed lady wyll quyte you youre mede

Kembe youre heed and loke ye kepe it clene
youre eeres twayne suffre not foule to be
In youre vysage wayte no spotte be sene
Purge youre nose lete no man in it se
The vyle mater it is none honeste
Ne with youre bare honde no fylthe fro it fetche
For that is foule and an vncurteyse tetche

youre handes wasshen it is an holsome thynge
youre nayles loke they be not gety blake
Ne suffre not theym ouer longe growynge
To youre araye I warne you good hede take
That manerly ye fyrte it vp and make
youre hood/gowne/hosen and eke youre sho
With all youre araye longynge youre body to

Kepe you clene and lose not youre gere
And or ye passe out of youre lodgynge

Euery garment that ye shall on were
Awayte well that it be so syttynge
As to youre degre semeth accordynge
Than wyll men say sorsothe this chylde is he
That is well taught and loueth honeste

And as ye walke and passe by the strete
Be ye not nyce of chere and countenaunce
But loke my chylde to folkes that ye mete
Ye speke fayre with wordes of plealaunce
Demure and curteys of youre demenaunce
To hym that is youre felawe and pere
Gyue ye fayre langage and a frendly chere

Caste no stycke ne stone at foule ne beest
And where ye walke be ware ye ne rage
For yf ye do ye shall to brecheles feest
Terre not with hounde in felde ne in bylage
Go forthe youre way demenynge youre byage
In sober wyse that men may of you say
A goodly chylde there passeth by the waye

And whan ye come to the chirche my lytell chylde
Holy water ye shall vpon you caste
Byfore the crosse with chere meke and mylde
Knele adoune and knocke on youre sheste
Thankynge the good lorde that on it dyde reste
And there for you suffred his sydes to blede
Saye ye or ye ryse pater noster. Aue. and a crede.

Auyse you well also for ony thynge
The chyrche of prayer is house and place
Beware therfore of clappe or Jangelynge
For in the chirche it is a full grete trespace

And a token of suche as lacketh grace
There be ye demure and kepe ye scylence
And serue ye god with all youre dylygence

To helpe the preest whan he sayth messe
Whan it shall happen you or betyde
Remeue not ferre ne frome his presence passe
Knele or stonde ye deuoutely hym besyde
And not to nyghe youre tonge must be applyed
Tanswere hym with voyce full moderate
Auyse you well my lytell chylde algate

To mynyster with deuoute reuerence
Loke ye do youre humble obseruaunce
Debonayrly with due obedyence
Cyrcumstantly with euery cyrcumstaunce
Of poorte and chere of goodly countenaunce
Remembrynge well the lorde that aboue is he
Whome to serue is gretest lyberte

And whan ye speke loke men in the face
With sobre chere and goodly semblaunce
Cast not youre eye a syde in other place
For that is a token of wanton constaunce
Whiche wyll appayre youre name and dysauaunce
The wyse man sayth who hath these thynges thre
Is not lyke a good man for to be

In herte he sayth who that is Inconstaunte
A wauerynge eye glydynge sodenly
Fro place to place and a foote varyaunt
That in no place abydeth stably
These ben ẏ sygnes ꝑ the wyse man sayth sykerly
Of suche a wyght as is vnmanerly nyce

And is full lykely dyſpoſed vnto vyce

Awayte my chylde whan ye ſtande at the table
Of mayſter or louerayne whyder it be
Apply you for to be ſeruyſable
That no defaute in you founden be
Loke who dooth beſy and hym enſyewe ye
And in eſpecyall ble ye attendaunce
Wherin ye ſhall youre ſelfe beſt auaunce

As ye be commaunded ſo do ye algate
Be not cauſeles fro the table abſent
It is a grete pleaſure to the hyghe eſtate
To ſe his ſeruaunres aboute hym preſent
Haunte no halke for than ye wyll be ſhent
Lete maner and meſure be youre guydes twayne
So ſhall ye beſt pleaſe I dare ſauely ſayne

Reward alſo thy loke and countenaunce
Of youre mayſter or of youre louerayne
So ſhall ye beſt preue what is his pleaſaunce
Or elles dyſpleaſaunce this is his certayne
The chere dyſcouerth often bothe twayne
And eke the chere ſomtyme may you adreſſe
In thynges the langage may not theym expreſſe

And that ye here loke kepe allway ſecre
Beſy reporte of myſchyef is chyefe norye
Wekyll langage may not all fauteles bee
Than do my chylde as techeth you the wyſe
Whiche vnto you this leſſon dooth deuyſe
Here and ſe and be ſtyll in euery preeſs
Paſſe forthe youre waye in ſcyence and in peaſe

And yet in aduenture yf the caas requyre
ye may speke but ye muste percaas
Seuen condycyons obserue as ye may now here
Auyse you well what ye say and in what place
Of whome and to whome in youre mynde cõpaas
How ye shall speke and whan take good hede
This counceylled the wyse man withouten drede

Awayte my chylde ye behaue youre manerly
Whan at your mete ye sytte at the table
In euery prees and in euety company
Dyspose you to be so compenable
That men may of you reporte for commendable
For trusteth well vpon youre berynge
Men wyll you blame or gyue praysynge

And pryute you truely in youre memorye
For a pryncypall poynt of fayre norture
Ye depraue no man absent specyally
Saynt Austyn amonesseth with bely cure
How men at the table sholde theym assure
That there escape theym no suche langage
As myght helpe other folke to dyspurage

Thynges whylom vsed ben now layde alyde
And newe fetes dayly ben contryued
Mennes actes can in no place abyde
They be chaungeable and ofte meued
Thynges somtyme alowed is newe repryued
And after this shall thynges vp aryse
That men sette now but at a lytell pryce

This curteyse clerke wryteth in this wyse
Rebukynge the vyce of vyle detraccyon

What may it be that of custome and guyle
Hurteth with tonge or by colucyon
Thabsent weyue ye that for that abusyon
Suche a detractour frome the table
As vnworthy and also reprochable

Whan ye sytte therfore at youre repast
Annoye ye no man present nor absent
But speke ye fewe for yf ye make waste
Of large langage forsothe ye must be shent
And whan ye speke/speke with good entent
Of mater accordynge vnto pleasaunce.
But nothynge that may cause men greuaunce

Elchewe also tatches of foule Rauayne
Of gredynesse with vncurteyse appetyte
Prece not to soone fro youre byande restreyne
youre hande a whyle with manerly respyte
Fede the for necessyte and not for delyte
Demene you with mete and drynke so soberly
That ye ben not enfecte with glotony

Enbrewe not youre vessell ne youre napry
Ouer maner and mesure but kepe theym clene
Ensoyle not youre cuppe but kepe it clenly
Lete not farsyon on youre lyppes be sene
For that is foule ye wote what I mene
Or than ye drynke for youre owne honeste
youre lyppes wype and clenly loke they be

Blowe not in youre drynke ne in youre potage
Ne farce not youre dysshe to full of brede
Bere not youre knyfe towarde youre vysage
For there is peryll and mykell drede

Clawe not your hylage touche not your hede
With your bare honde syttynge at the table
For in nurture suche thynges is reprouable

Lose not youre gyrdle syttynge at your mete
For that is tache of vncurteysye
But yf ye seme ye be enbraced streyte
Or that ye sytte amende it secretly
So couertly that no wyght you aspye
Beware also no brethe fro you rebounde
Up ne doune leest ye were shamefull founde

Be ye hupshte in chamber scylence in hall
Herken well and gyue good audyence
vllher or marshall for ony rumure call
Put ye Jangelers to rebuke for scylence
Be ye mylde of langage demure of eloquence
Enforce you vnto hym conformed for to be
That can moost good and hath humanyte

Touche not with your mete salte in the saler
Leest folke appoynt you of vnconnyngnesse
Dresse it a parte vpon a clene trencher
Farse not your mouth to full for vantonesse
Lene not vpon the table for that rude is
And yf J shall to you playnly saye
Ouer the table ye shall no spyttell conueye

yf ye be serued with metes dylycate
Departe with your felawe in gentyll wyse
The clerke sayth nature is concente and sacyate
With mene dyete and lytell shall suffyse
Departe therfore as J you deuyse
Engrosse not vnto your selfe all

For gentylnes wyll aye be lyberall

And whan percaas your seruyce is not large
Grutche not with frounynge countenaunce
Ne make therof not to mykell charge
Dyspose you to goodly countenaunce
And what ye haue take it in suffysaunce
Be ye pleased with suche as god hath you sent
He hath ynough that can holde hym content

Burnysshe no bones with youre tethe beware
Suche houndes taches fallen of vncurteysye
But with your knyfe make the bone bare
Handle your mete so well and so clenly
That ye offende not the company
Where ye be sette as ferforthe as ye can
Remembrynge well that maners make man

And whan that ye ete your mete small
with open mouthe beware ye not ete
But loke your lyppes be closed as a wall
Whan to and fro ye trauerse your mete
Kepe you so cloos that men haue no concepte
To say of you ony langage or delany
Bycause ye ete your mete vnmanerly

Beware my chylde of laughynge ouer measure
Ne at the borde ye shall no nayles pare
Ne pyke your teeth with knyfe I you ensure
Ete at your meale and other folkes spare
A gloton can but make the bones bare
And of ynoughe he taketh neuer hede
He fedeth more for lust than for nede

And whan the borde is thynne as of ſeruyſe
Nought replenyſſhed with grete dyuerſyte
Of mete and drynke good chere may then ſuffyſe
With honeſt talkynge and alſo ought ye
With gladſome chere than fullſome for to be
The poete ſayeth how that a poore borde
Men may enryche with cherefull wyll and worde

And one thynge my chylde ye vnderſtonde
In eſpecyall for youre owne honeſte
In the water waſſhe ſo clene youre honde
That youre towell neuer enfoyled be
So foule that it be lothſome on to ſe
Waſſhe with water youre hondes ſo clene
That in the towell ſhall no ſpotte be ſene

Leue not youre ſpone in youre dyſſhe ſtandynge
Ne vpon the table it ſhall not lye
Lete youre trenchoure be clene for ony thynge
And yf ye haue chaunge yet as honeſtly
As ye can auoyde manerly
So that no fragment frome youre trencher fall
Do thus my chylde in chamber and in hall

And whan an other man ſpeketh at the table
Bewate ye interruppe not his langage
For that is a thynge commendable
And it is no ſygne of folkes ſage
To be of langage hely and outrage
For the wyſe man ſayd in his ſentence
He ſholde be wyſe that gyueth audyence

Underſtande therfore or that ye ſpeke

Prynte in youre mynde clerely the sentence
Who that bleth a mannes tale to breke
Letteth vncurteysly all the audyence
And hurteth hym selfe for lacke of syence
He may not gyue answere conuyent
That hereth not fynally what is mente

But beware my chylde also of reherssayle
Of maters whiche ben at table meued
It greueth ofte and doth men dysauayle
Full many a man that byce hath myscheued
Of euyll thynge sayd is wers contryued
Suche reportes alwaye my chylde eschewe
As may of olde frendes make enmyes newe

Juyle you well whan ye take youre dysporte
Honest games that ye haunt and vse
And suche as ben of vylayns reporte
I counceyll you my chylde that ye refuse
For trust ye well ye shall you not excuse
Frome brecheles feest and I may you espye
Playnge at ony game of Rybaudrye

It is to a goodly chylde well syttynge
To vse dysportes of myrthe and pleasaunce
To harpe or lute or lustely to synge
Or in the prees ryght manerly to daunce
Whan men se a chylde of suche gouernaunce
They saye gladde may this chyldes frendes be
To haue a chylde so manerly as is he

Exercyse also youre selfe in redynge
Of bokes enornyed with eloquence
There shall ye fynde bothe pleasure & lernyngynge

So that ye may in euery good preſence
Som what lynde as in ſentence
That ſhall accorde the tyme to occupye
That ye not to ſtonde ydelly

It is fayre to be comynycatyke
In maters vnto purpoſe accordynge
So that a wyght ſeme excerlyke
For trulleth well it is a tydeus thynge
For to here a chylde multyply talkynge
yf it be not the purpoſe applyed
And alſo with goodly termes alyed

Redeth Gower in his wrytynge morall
That auncyent fader of memorye
Redeth his boke called confeſſyonall
With many another vertuous treaty
Full of ſentence ſette full fructuouſly
That hym to rede ſhall gyue you courage
He is full of fruyte ſentence and langage

O fader and founder of enornate eloquence
That enlumyned haſte oure grete bretayne
To ſoone we loſte thy laurpate ſcyence
O luſty lyquoure of that fullſome fountayne
O curſed dethe why haſt thou that poete ſlayne
I mene Gower Chaucer/and Galfryde
Alas the tyme that euer they frome vs dyed

Redeth theyr werkes full of pleaſaunce
Clere in ſentence in langage excellent
Bryefly to wryte ſuche were theyr fulfyſaunce
What euer to ſaye they toke in theyr entent
Theyr langage was ſo fayre and pertynent

Itsemed vnto mannes hetynge
Not onely the woꝛde but verely the thynge

Redeth my chylde redeth theyr bokes all
Refuse none they ben expedyent
Sentence oꝛ langage bothe fynde ye shall
Full delectable that good fader mente
Oꝛ all his purpose and his hole entent
How to please in euery audyence
And in oure tonge as well of eloquence

Beholde Oktclyfe in his translacyon
In goodly langage and sentence pallynge wyse
How he gyueth his pꝛynce suche exoꝛtacyon
As to the hyest he coude best deuyse
Of trouthe/pease/mercy and Justyce
And vertue lettynge foꝛ no slouthe
To do his deuoyre and quyte hym his trouthe

Requyred hym as ayenst his souerayne
Moost dꝛadde and loued whose excellent hyenes
He aduertysed by his wꝛytynge playne
To vertue appertaynynge to nobles
Of a pꝛynce as bereth good wytnesse
His treaty entytled of regement
Compplyed of entyer trewe entente

Loke also than vpon Johan lydgate
My mayster whylom monke of bury
Woꝛthy to be renowmed as poete laureate
I pꝛaye to god in blysse his soule be mery
Syngynge (Rex splendens) that heuenly kyrye
Amonge the muses nyne celestyall
Byfoꝛe the hyest Jupyter of all

Pallynge the mules nyne of Elycon
Where is none pareyll of armonye
Thyder I truste mayſters ſoule begone
The ſterred palayes aboue the dapled ſkye
There to ſynge ſanctus inceſſauntly
Amonge the mules nyne celeſtyall
Byfore the hyeſt Jupyter of all

Redeth his volumes that be large and wyde
Surely ſette in ſadnes of ſentence
Enlumyned with coloures freſſhe on euery ſyde
We lacketh wytte I haue none eloquence
To gyue hym laude after his excellence
For I dare ſaye he lefte hym not alyue
That coude his connynge ſuffycyently dyſcryue

But his werkes laude muſt nedes conquere
They may neuer out of remembraunce dye
His werkes ſhall his name conuey and bere
Thout the worlde almooſt eternally
Lete his owne werkes prayſe hym and magnefye
I dare not preyſe leeſt for fere I offende
My langage ſholde rather appayre than amende/

Lo my chylde theſe faders auncyent
Repen the feldes freſſhe of fullomnes
The floure freſſhe they gadered vp and hent
Of ſyluer langage the grete ryches
Who wyll it haue my chylde doutles
Muſt of theym begge there is no more to ſaye
For of oure tonge they were bothe locke and kaye

There can no man theyr werkes dyſtreyne
The enbamed tonge and aureate ſentence

When gete it nowe by cantelmele and gleyne
Here and there by besy dylygence
And fayne wolde reche theyr crafte of eloquence
And by the gleyne it is full ofte sene
In whole felde the gleyners haue be

And vnto me aege hath bode good morowe
I am not able clenly for to gleyne
Nature is fayne of crafte her eyen to borowe
My lacketh clerenes of myn eyen tweyne
Begge I may, glene I may not certayne
Therfore that werke I wyll playnly temptte
To folkes yonge more passynge clere of wytte

Seche ye therfore and in caas ye fynde
Suche gleynours freslhe as haue some apparence
Of fayre langage yet take theym and vnbynde
And preue ye what they be in exystence
Coloured in langage sauerly in sentence
And doubte not my chylde without drede
It wyll profyte to se suche thynges and rede

Ye efte soones my chylde lete vs resorte
To thentent of youre fyrste matere
Degrelled somwhat for we wolde reporte
And reuyue the laude of theym that were
Famous in our langage these faders dere
Whose soules in blysse god eternall auaunce
That lysten so oure langage to enhaunce

Than lytell Johan I counceyll you that ye
Take hede to the noytures that men ble
Newe founde or auncyent whyther it be
So shall no man youre curteysy refuse

The guyse and custome my chylde shal you excuse
Wennes werkes haue often enterchaunge
That now is nozture somtyme hath be straunge

This mene I my chylde that ye shall haunt
The guyse of theym that do mooste manerly
But beware of vnthryst ruskyn gallaunt
Counterfeytynge of vnconnynge curtoysye
His taches ben enfecte with velonye
Ungyrte/vnblysled/seruynge at table
Wen semeth hym a seruaunt no thynge able

Wynter and somer to his souerayne
Capzon hardy no bonet lyst to auale
Foz euery wozde gryynge his mayster twayne
Iuauntpaler in euery mannes tale
Absolon with dysheuelde heres smale
Lyke to a pzysoner of saynt malowes
A sonny bussbe able to go to the galowes

O I passe nozture by/by foz shame
I myght haue sayd he sholde go hawke and hunte
Foz that sholde be a gentylmans game
To suche dyspoztes gentyll folkes be wonte
I sayd to ferre my langage was to blonte
But yet syr gallaunt whan ye shall bowe oz knele
Ye gooth by compase rounde as dooth the whele/

Braced so strayte that he may not plye
But gadereth it by maner of a wyndlas
And he ought wrenche a syde oz a lytell wrye
His gere standeth there in full perlous caas
His hose/his/sho/doblet poynt and laas
And yf ought breke some tonges that be badde

Wyll mocke and say a knaue hath broke a ladde

Lete gallaunt go I mene recheles ruskyn
Take hede my chylde to suche as be connynge
So shall ye best worshyppe conquere and wynne/
Enforce you in all your demenynge
To folowe vertue and fro foly declynynge
And wayte well that ye loue honeste
Whiche is accordynge vnto humanyte

That is for you to vnderstonde and knowe
That your araye be manerly resonable
Not appylle vnto mocken ne to mowe
To nyce araye that is not commendable
Fetes newe founde by fooles vnprofytable
That make the worlde so playnly transformate
That men semen almoost infemynate

Playe not Jacke malepertte that is to saye
Beware of presumpcyon beware of pryde
Take not the fyrst place my chylde by the waye
Tyll other be sette ryght manerly abyde
Presumtuous be ofte sette a syde
And all day aualed as men may se
He is sette vp that hath humylyte

To connynge persones regarde ye take
Where ye be sette ryght in entente wyse
Connynge folke connynge men shall make
To theyr connynge ye shall make your surmyse
And as they do ye must your selfe deuyse
For this my chylde is as the gospell trewe
Who wyl be connynge he must the connynge sewe

And one thynge I warne you specyally
To womanhede take awe alwaye
And theym to serue loke ye haue an eye
And theyr commaundementes that ye obeye
Pleasaunt wordes I aduyse you to theym saye
And in all wyse do ye youre delygence
To do theym pleasure and reuerence

And at this tyme this treatyse shall suffyce
Dyspose you to kepe it in youre mynde
The doctryne whiche for you I deuyse
And douteth not full well ye shall it fynde
To youre honoure enrolle it vp and bynde
Ryght in youre brest and in youre ryper age
I shall wryte you here of the surplusage

Go lytell Johan and who dooth you oppose
Sayenge youre quayre kepe none accordaunce
Tell hym as yet neyther in ryme ne prose
Ye ben experte praye hym of suffraunce
Chyldren must be of chyldly gouernaunce
And here I make ande of my quayere
God sende vs parte of euery good prayere

A M E N

¶ Enprynted at London in Flete strete at the sygne of the sonne by me Wynkyn de Worde.